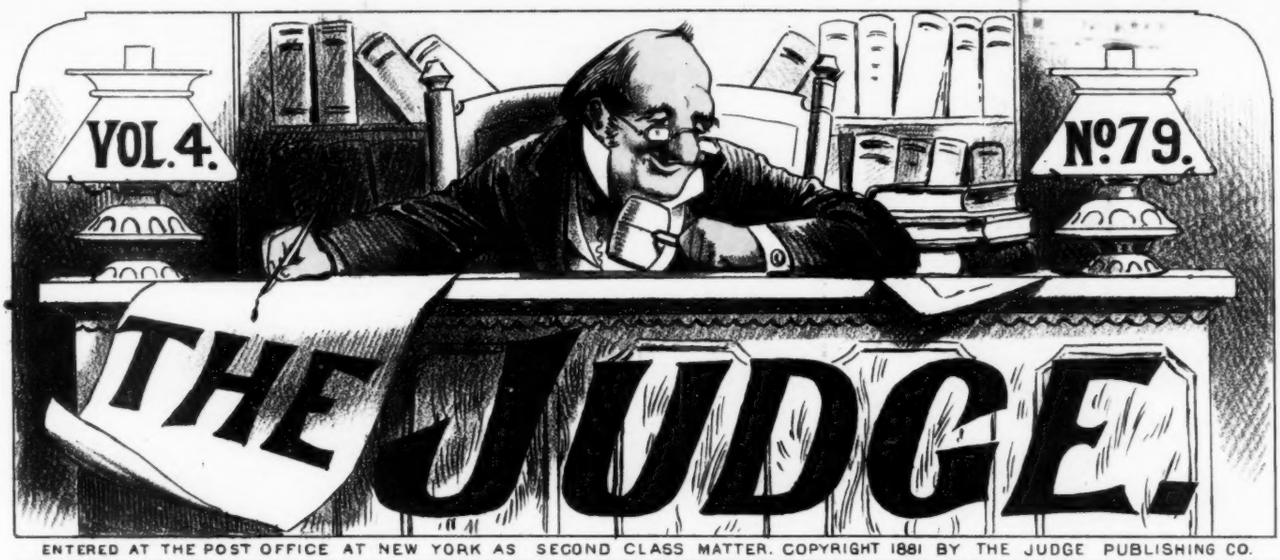

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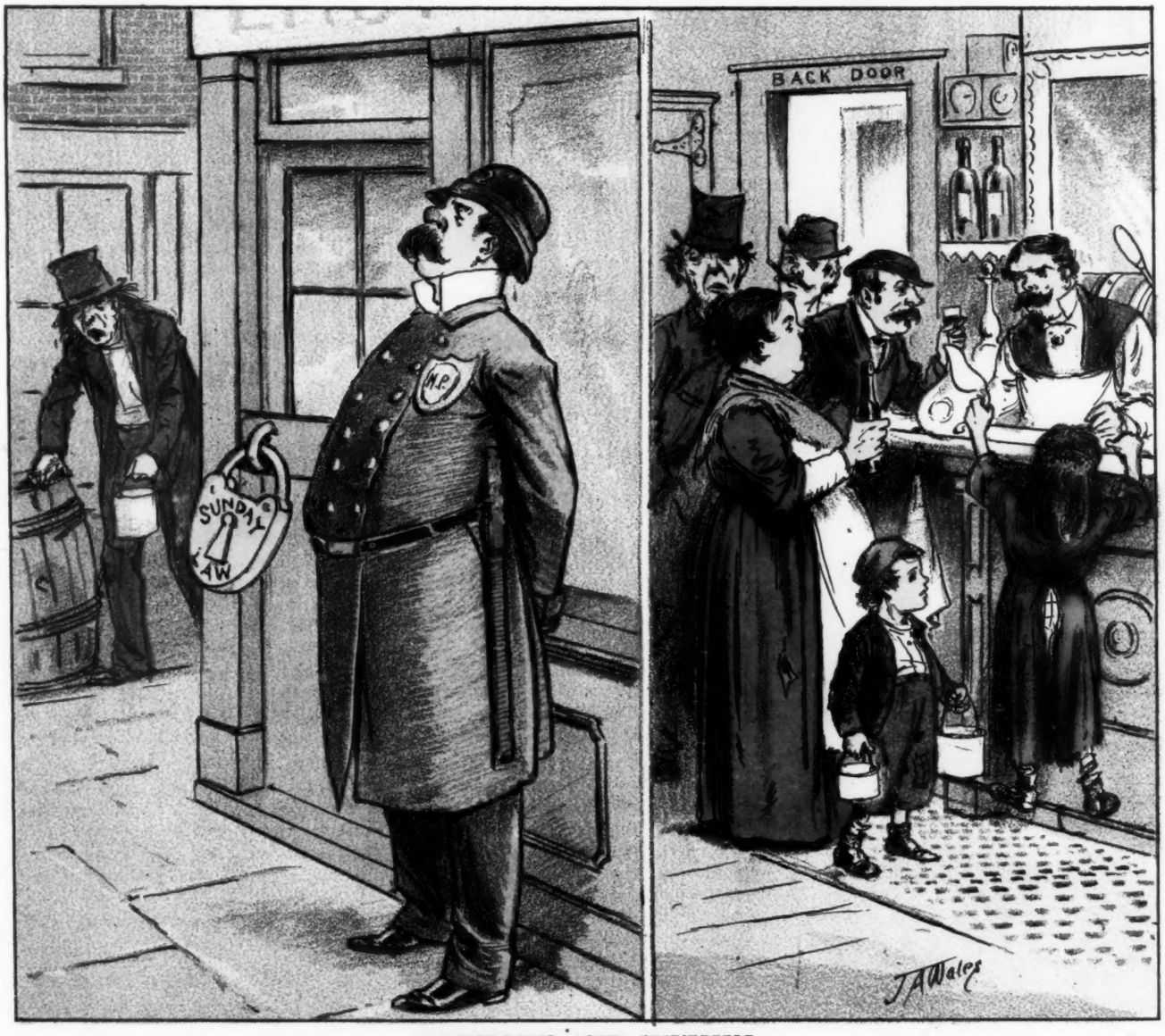

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

How the Sunday-closing Law is enforced in New York.

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VOLUME IV.

WITH the present number THE JUDGE enters upon his fourth volume, and points back with pardonable pride to his record. Not a single one of his decisions has been reversed on appeal; not a murmur of dissatisfaction has reached the bench whereon he sits, and he has not been compelled to commit anyone for contempt of court. In all seriousness, however, THE JUDGE desires to thank the public for the warm and liberal support it has accorded him in the past, and to promise that in this volume upon which he is just entering, and through many a succeeding volume, he will pursue the same course which his readers have so substantially approved already. Good-humored satire without malice; comedy without coarseness; humor without vulgarity—this is what pleases the public, alike in letter-press and pictures, and what pleases the public pays the publisher. THE JUDGE has good reason to know that the public has been pleased—he has still better reason to see that the public shall be pleased.

SIDE DOORS AND LICENSES.

WHAT is the Excise law, as enforced in New York—and a great many other places, too, for that matter? A great source of revenue? No. A powerful foe to intemperance? No. A thorough and ignominious failure? Yes. Of what use are licenses when non-licensed places are allowed to sell liquor with impunity? Of what use are doors barred to the street, and patrolmen pacing in front of them, when there are side doors to admit the thirsty crowd, and plenty of liquor—whether licensed or unlicensed, the topers care not a jot—to regale themselves withal. The truth is, there is too much zeal and too little common sense brought to bear on the regulation of the liquor traffic. Hot-headed prohibitionists, who are in a hurry to bring on the millenium before the world is ready for it, are as intemperate in one way as the veriest drunkard is in another. The liquor question, or the temperance question—call it which you will—is one that needs very careful and judicious treatment. If mixed drinks are bad, mixed legislation will not mend matters; and the first step should be a thorough overhauling of our Excise laws, and a careful investigation into the manner in which they are administered.

CHOOSE, AND CHOOSE QUICKLY.

"HE must have good legs who will hold two boats together in a sea-way" is an old nautical adage, and President ARTHUR probably feels by this time that there is a great deal of truth in it. And if the feat be difficult under ordinary circumstances, how much more difficult must it become when the rowers of the two boats refuse to pull in unison. The President would do well to make up his mind, without unnecessary delay, to which embarkation he will entrust Arthur and his fortunes—whether to the cockle-shell man'd by Chandler and Blaine, or to the stanch little jolly-boat in charge of Conkling and Jones. For if he persists much longer in the attempt to straddle 'tween both, he will slip down between them, and oh, Mr. Arthur, there is very cold water down there! There is a story told of a man who hesitated so long between two boats that he had to jump for either at the last moment, and it was his ill luck to find himself in the most unseaworthy. It would not surprise THE JUDGE to see Chandler drop his oars at any moment, and take to bailing for dear life, just to keep that precious one thickness of board between his crew and death. And what would you do if you were one of his crew at such a moment as that, President Arthur?

PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE.

AN influential meeting of prominent Fenians, Invincibles, Nationalists and so forth, was held in this city yesterday for the purpose of testing a newly-invented explosive. This playful compound combines the best qualities of dynamite, nitro-glycerine and sulphuretted hydrogen in about equal degrees, and is called the "Irish-American dynamo-nitro-magnetic oppressor-exterminator." Its unscientific name, borrowed from a widely-advertised poison for household pests, is "Rough on Britons." The series of experiments on the programme was not carried out in its entirety, as the very first test afforded those present convincing proof of the power of the new explosive. O'Donovan Rossa's cheek was forced out of place, and though not entirely shattered, will be rendered unserviceable for some days to come. P. J. Sheridan was blown clear across to England, where he was promptly seized, tried and executed by the British government. Hence it appears that "Rough on Britons" may be found valuable in diplomatic circles as tending to simplify questions of extradition. Several minor casualties are reported as a consequence of the premature conduct of the formidable explosive. Mr. Crowe's tongue was forced down his throat, and wedged so fast that it is apprehended that another charge of dynamite will be required to dislodge it and set it wagging as freely as of old. "Number One" was split clear in two, and the sections will hereafter be known in nationalist circles as numbers One and Two respectively. Immediately after the explosion the atmosphere became perceptibly purer, in so much so that many people attributed the occurrence to atmospheric rather than to socialistic thunder. Further experiments with this remarkable explosive are awaited with interest.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

MANY signs indicate that the tariff question will be, as it ought to be, a vital one in '84. It has long been an important factor in federal politics, and year by year, like the rolling snowball, it has been gathering weight and importance. The western Republicans, true to the traditions of their party, have already emblazoned "high protection" on their banners in letters which they would find it hard to erase even if they desired to. But how anyone who enjoys the blessings of this country, and feels it to be, as everyone must, the richest in natural resources, and far ahead of the rest of the world in everything except pauperism,—how anyone could desire to introduce into the midst of our prosperity the cancer of free trade (whose havoc in England has become historical), must remain a mystery to everyone except a Democrat thirsting for a campaign issue. Even Mr. Randall, voicing the Democratic cry of "a tariff for revenue only," yet trims his sails to catch any wavering gusts of the protectionist gale by adding "and the tariff the only source of revenue." Why, this amounts to the same thing that protectionists advocate, only it is not as ingenuously avowed. This means high duties; this means an import tax of nearly fifty per cent; this means another lustrum of protection, however you may phrase it. For if THE JUDGE takes half of her apple from his little girl after dinner—wisely opining that the entire fruit may prove too much for her small digestion—what difference does it make to the child whether he deprives her of the moiety that he may eat it himself, or that he may guard her against consequent colic. The question seems to be an absurdly simple one to have puzzled so many statesmen, and the central fact, which the straw-splitting Mr. Randall hopes to make a campaign issue of, anyone can grasp. Be the tariff for revenue or protection, the children don't get more apple than is good for them.

A GOOD MOTIVE-POWER—Money.

Received on priced exchange from The H. W. Wilson Co. AUG 6 1930

ON OUR AVENUES.

It was a gusty spring night.

The street lamps flickered in the breeze; the dust whirled down the stately avenues. So did the carriages.

Two men in tasty spring overcoats paused in their slow walk up town. They were conversing earnestly, and the emphasis of their conversation would seem to have riveted their feet to the sidewalk—for they did not move.

A solitary spectator, who wore his spring overcoat in a liquid form inside of him, crouched in a neighboring doorway and observed them narrowly.

"Yes, sir; eighty-four," said one.

"Just so," murmured the other.

"I have decided to run," resumed the first.

"Count me in with you," chimed in the second.

The solitary spectator thought he was going to behold a footrace, but neither moved.

"That was a silly April-fool joke they played on poor Chet, was it not?" resumed the principal speaker.

"That present the sender was pleased to call his 'patent vice-president elevator?'" said the other.

"Yes; I have got it with me."

"Indeed; let me see it."

The first speaker produced it from his pocket. It was a pistol.

The solitary spectator thought he was going to behold a duel, but neither shot.

"Very reprehensible indeed, I think; especially when poor Chet is nervous with all this talk of ghosts."

"They say Garfield's ghost stalks in every hamlet in Ohio."

"Well, it can't be helped. Fools will be fools, and candidates will be candidates. I am going to run if nothing occurs to prevent it. Good night."

"Good night," and they parted—the principal speaker continuing up the avenue towards Twenty-ninth street, and the other turning into the Fifth Avenue hotel.

The solitary spectator followed the former. He also overtook him.

"Say, boss —" began the s. s.

"I've nothing for you; get out!'

"Didn't say you had, but you dropped sutthin jest now."

Principal speaker, stopping and patting his pockets. "Did I? What was it?"

S. S. (Leering). "A hint."

P. S. "To what effect?"

S. S. "You gave one figure on a combination. You said 'eighty-four.' Now a man can't go and play one figure. Fill it out, and I'll put my last nickel on it."

P. S. "I don't understand you."

S. S. "I want it for policy."

P. S. "Ah, are you a politician?"

S. S. "Yes; a policy-tician. Put two numbers before that 84 and I'll play it."

P. S. "Well, the first number is *egomet ipse* —"

S. S. "Eh?"

P. S. "I myself; number one. The only number I'm looking after just now."

S. S. "One. Good enough."

P. S. "Well, I don't know what I'm wasting my time on you for —"

S. S. "Four goes."

P. S. "It is the presidential term of office. I accept the omen."

S. S. "One—four—eighty-four. Thanks, boss; I'll play the numbers."

P. S. "So will a great many other people."

S. S. "Well, I hope they all may win."

P. S. "They can't. They'll all lose except one—maybe two."

S. S. "That sounds like a skin game. They ought to give a big prize on such a percentage."

P. S. "They do—the White House."

S. S. "I guess I won't play your numbers. My nickel would stand a slim show in that game."

P. S. "Very; for only one can win."

S. S. "And who will that be?"

P. S. "The man whose interests I look out out for."

S. S. "And he is —"

P. S. "Number one."

And they parted; and the dust whirled down the stately avenue; the solitary spectator spent his nickel in a beer vault, and the principal speaker spent his night in reflection. What was his name? That is one of the mysteries of the great city, which The Judge feels it would be injudicious to reveal until the Republican convention shall have nominated its Presidential ticket.

Before which time the solitary spectator will have drank himself to death.

Before which time the principal speaker will have felt the popular pulse in a thousand political fevers, and timed its beats by the aid of that great political stop-watch—the press.

For thus extremes meet.

Our particularly bright cotemporary, *Truth*, comments on a case recently decided in the Dublin Rolls Court, wherein Mrs. Blake, the widow of a murdered land agent, is prohibited from publishing certain letters which would tend to remove the responsibility for certain severe measures from her late husband, and attach it to his employer, Lord Clanricarde. The court, in granting the injunction applied for by Lord Clanricarde, remarks that the publication of the letters would expose his lordship to odium, and *Truth* in effect says that the living lord is as well entitled to bear the odium as the dead agent. Which is where The Judge differs from *Truth*. Mr. Blake is dead, and beyond the reach of the corps of Fenians, or Invincibles, or whatever they call themselves, while the lord still lives—a possible target for agrarian bullets. As it does not appear that either Lord Clanricarde or Mr. Blake did anything which they were not fully justified in doing, the latter's memory will not suffer with unprejudiced people, and the former's life *may* be spared by prejudiced people. However, it would be certainly more dignified if his lordship evinced the courage of his opinions.

"Edwardsville wants a junk shop!" shrieks an Alabama exchange. Well, give Edwardsville a junk shop, and two or three able-bodied junkmen with junk carts to wheel through the streets, and suitable tocsins on each cart, so that the citizens of Edwardsville can no longer hear themselves think, and then Edwardsville will lie down and writhe and curse the day it was born. We have heard of a man who bought fleas by the peck, but we did not believe the story; we have dreamed of a man who got married that he might enjoy the society of a mother-in-law; but we regarded that as an hallucination—but this is the first town we ever read of that pined for a junk man.

A washerwoman has fallen heir to $50,000. She will now imitate the example of the "Reformers," and have nothing more to do with wrings.

The Bridge of Size—That between New York and Brooklyn.

HE BLEW HIS OWN "BAZOO."*

On the Appalachicola,
Far down in the Sunny South,
Where the alligator's solo
Is a dirge upon the drouth;
Where they grow the sweet banana
And the luscious orange, too,—
There he twirled his red bandanna,
And then blew his gay "bazoo."

"I'm a fiery-hearted Southron!
I have dabbled in the gore
Of some thousands of the Northern
Mud-sills from New England's shore,
Who, in '61, invaded
This, our lovely country, through;
Thanks! I can tell the yarn unaided—
I can blow my own 'bazoo!'

"Yes—I fought with Stonewall Jackson,
Always eager for the fray—
Ten dead Yankees with their backs on
The hard ground would daily lay
When I'd sally forth in combat,
With my sabre good and true;
Now, please, don't interrupt me—
I am blowing this 'bazoo!'

"I would charge the Union pickets,
Kill and slash at dead of night;
I would furnish them with tickets
For their angel robes of white.
All alone I'd 'complish wonders,
And how sad it is to view,—
By the South's historian's blunders,—
I must blow *my own* 'bazoo!'

"In the annals of our battles
There's no record of the tale
How I took the blue-coat chattels,
How I caused their hearts to quail!
Yes; my country was ungrateful:
Has not given me my due—
So, to show you I was faithful,
I have blown this 'ere 'bazoo'."

Here, from 'mongst the people gather'd
On that Flor-i-da greensward,
Stepped a little man who'd weather'd
Many battles—old and scarred.
He came near to this great fighter,
(Who most weak in knees now grew),
And remarked to our reciter,
"Oh! cork up your snide 'bazoo!'

"You can discount Ananias;
For you've lies in greater stock!
You're a blowhard most im-pious,
And a coward by the clock!
While you claim that you were working
For the Southern cause so true,
Up in Boston you were clerking,
Where you piped your old 'bazoo.'

"Yes,—you measly, lying bummer,
All those years you say you fought,
Through the winter and the summer
Of those days with danger fraught,
For the Sunny South so bravely—
In a store of Northern Jew,
There, to make the sales, you naively
Blew your soft and sweet 'bazoo.'"

* * * * *

In the Appalachicola,
Far down in the Sunny South,
Now the alligator rolls, oh!
A sweet morsel in his mouth!
'Tis the Southron, (?) oh, so gory!
And was put there by the few
Whom he'd fooled with bogus story
As he blew his loud "bazoo."

EDWIN F.

*For the benefit of the uninitiated, we would say that South and West, to "blow one's own bazoo" means who is perfectly willing and able to tell his own story.

THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

NO. I.

BOB was a very good little boy, indeed.

So good and so bright that his mamma, who was a very busy woman, with a great many things to attend to, frequently left the other children entirely in his charge. One day Bob said to his mamma: "Mamma, don't you think it would be a nice treat for the children, and do them a great deal of good besides, if you were to buy fifty cents' worth of oranges and divide them among us all." Mamma thought this was a very good suggestion, so she sent around to the grocery store and ordered the oranges, and then said:

"Now, Bob, the oranges will be here presently, and I want you to take them and divide them fairly among your little brothers and sisters. I can trust you to see that they all get just what is good for them."

But a change had meanwhile come over the spirit of Bob's dream. He said:

"Mamma, you don't mean to say you have gone and spent fifty cents for oranges. What will papa say? He will be angry with you for wasting his money—the money he works so hard for. Poor papa!"

"Why, Bob, it was you who put into my head to buy the oranges."

"Yes; but there'll be a lot said about it, and papa will be vexed, and say we want to rob him. Besides, most of the oranges are sure to get stolen before the children get them."

"Well, considering they are to pass thro' your hands only, and be divided up by you, I suppose you are qualified to be the best judge of what percentage of them is likely to be stolen," answered mamma, who was hurt and surprised at Bob's unaccountable conduct.

"Yes," said Bob, decisively, "they are sure to get stolen. Better send around to the store at once and countermand the order."

Mamma assented, and proceeded to attend to other duties.

"Now," said Bob, rubbing his hands gleefully, "I can tell papa how extravagant mamma wanted to be, and how good I was, and how I stopped her; and I can show him the groceryman's book to prove what a good boy I am; and then, very likely, he'll give me that new garden seat I have been wanting so long."

For this seat which Bob coveted was in papa's gift. Mamma had no authority to give such presents as that, as Bob very well knew.

Bob has not got the seat yet, but Christmas is a long way off, and the bright little fellow is living in hopes.

Will Secretary-of-War Lincoln kindly refresh his memory on the subject of the River and Harbor appropriation bill, and furnish us with a moral for the above?

MOVE ALONG!

A COMMON object, you would say,
We meet such twenty times a day—
A tramp, an outcast; just the prey
Policemen go for;
In rags of almost nakedness,
With whisky signals of distress
Hung out on nose and cheek—ah, yes,
A loafer!

A curious place to loaf around
He's chosen; this is holy ground,
And he is standing in the sound
Of Sabbath ringing;
The fashionable crowds pour in
To dump their six-days' loads of sin—
Hark! he can hear the choir begin
The singing.

He creeps within. On bended knees
He hears the sacred music cease;
He hears the deathless words of peace:
"Come, all ye weary."
Back rolls the mist of mis-spent years;
His heart grows softer as he hears;
Life seems, seen through repentant tears,
Less dreary.

Across the past of sin and stain,
Across the present and its pain,
His mother's voice comes back again,
His heart is softened.
He droops the slow-repentant head,
Breathes what the publican once said,
Sheds the first tears his eyes have shed
Since orphaned.

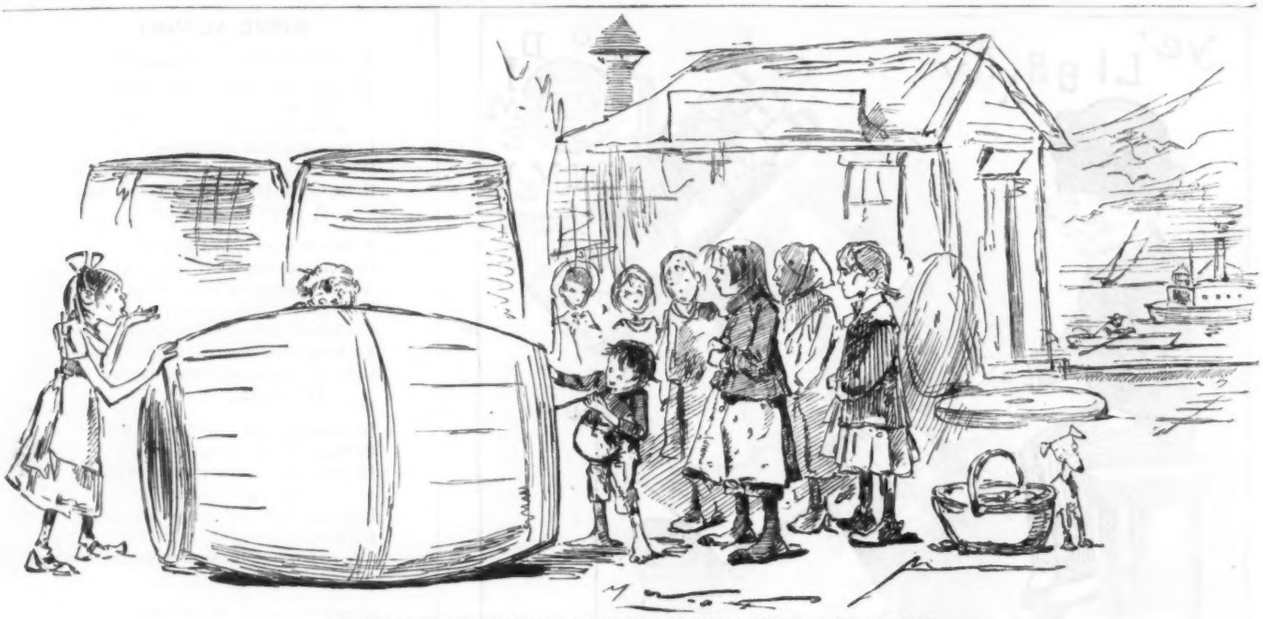
"Clear out! this is no place for you!"
The sexton's whisper thrills him through;
Gilded religion owns each pew
So dearly rented.
Well used is he to words of wrath;
Untrod by him the narrow path;
He half repenteth that he hath
Repented.

Well, never mind; across the street
Are light, society, and heat;
Perhaps some friend may stand a treat,
Or he can purchase.
What madness made him bend the knee,
And think of what he used to be?
Gin-shops were built for such as he,
Not churches.

And so the outcast turns away;
The sexton kneels again to pray;
The perfumed parson draws his pay
The truth to garble!
He leads his flock to Abram's breast,
In silks and furs and diamonds dress'd—
The tramp tramps to the tramp's last rest—
Morgue marble.

IN a Buddhist religious procession, in Ceylon, a crucifix with a monkey perched on top provoked the anger of Catholic spectators, and a riot was the result. Some people are so unreasonable. No doubt something had riled the Buddhists and got their monkey up. When the row was over, the monkey had disappeared, and at last accounts was still missing. He would seem to have been a monkey of high repute in Buddhist circles, and he will probably be canonized by the priesthood as the "missing link."

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, in a recent lecture, said: "In this Republic it is a crime to be a woman." Not exactly a crime, Lillie; but when a barbed-wire fence is to be surmounted, it is an awful nuisance to be a woman.



AT THE MOLASSES BARREL. A HEALTHY SWALLOW

SUSANNAH.—"*Are you going to be there all day? Why don't you give somebody else a show?*"
JIM.—"*Go 'way; don't bother. I aint sucked it half out yet.*"

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

THE dense beard that concealed half of his face, and made a shirt-front superfluous, looked like a soiled snow-drift. He looked out dimly and hazily from eyes from which the lustre had long fled. His lank fingers worked like a nest of young serpents, and as he entered Room 11, City Hall, the sanctum of the municipal reporters, it was apparent that he was a long-standing member of the genus tramp.

"What is your occupation?" asked the encyclopedia of political information.

"I am a tramp," he said, and there was a tinge of pride in his tone, and a semi-consciousness of a discovered dignity.

"Oh, a traveler," said the political reservoir. "Well, it is rather unhealthy for a man of your age to be traveling our streets in such weather as Wiggins & Co. have been giving us of late, and as you haven't any overshoes, I would suggest that you step into the Mayor's office and see his secretary, familiarly known as Old-woman Grant. He will possibly not give you much comfort pecuniarily, but some of his Sunday-school tracts which he will laden you with will go a great way toward alleviating your wants, provided your imagination is lively."

The old man, with rueful countenance—made more rueful by this somewhat comfortless suggestion—was shambling towards the door when Stout, the fire reporter, approached, and filliping a massive gold watch chain, remarked:

"You say that you are a perambulatory fiend, or words to that effect, so to speak."

The tramp seemed pleased at the recognition of so talented and handsome a youth, and he answered, with some symptoms of vivacity, "Oh, yes; a great traveler," and he waited to be talked to some more.

"I suppose," pursued the fire reporter, "that you have plunged to Plutonian depths and mounted Olympian heights; that you are a master of the mysteries of the sea, and an expert in all the wonders of the land, from the mixing of a hot Scotch to knowing how to keep a wife and seven children in luxurious ease on $10 a week."

"All this, and more," said the tramp.

"I dare say, now," said O'Connor, of the pink paper, "that you have been under the burning skies of Africa; have caught the influenza in the dismal swamps of America, and been in a highly-intoxicated condition on the rolling pampas of South America."

"I have," croaked the tramp enthusiastically.

"You have heard," said Merriman, the Nestor of political journalism, "the ourang outang warble in the tree tops, and the parrot guffaw on the jungles by the hill; have seen missionaries eaten without pepper or salt by carniverous cannibals, and seen many an alligator whet his appetite on a yelling baby."

"Haven't I, though?"

"You have been," said Cowan, the fighting editor, "in wastes untracked by foot of man, and where the pussy-cat hath never trod; where the hippopitami are always crying for bread, and where Welsh rabbits are considered occult contrivances of Satan."

"You've struck it exactly, my dear boy!"

"Away from the turmoil and dust of civilization," said O'Reilly, the encyclopædia of unanswerable conundrums, "you have stalked through the bosky woods, a Springfield rifle in hand, and a flask of whisky next your heart, ambitious to slay the blythe deer and the acrobatic squirrel, or burning to get a good square shot at the frisky and fragrant polecat."

"How used you are to telling it all!" said the ecstasied old man.

"How many of the antlered denizens of the wood have you punctured during your erratic peregrinations?" said Pease, the indefatigable interviewer.

The old man looked deeply grieved at the inquiry. His look smote the reportorial fiend, and he dropped it.

"Then, I suppose," continued Clarke, the space fiend of *Truth*, "that you have bustled among men in the distracting marts of trade; have bid for stocks; have eulogized John Kelly's pluck; have basked in the sunshine of public contempt in the City Hall Park; have occupied a pew in Beecher's and Talmage's church; have lunched at Delmonico's, and have distributed yourself generally into the conspicuous places of the universe?"

"Hooray!" shouted the tramp.

"Silence!" said Paddy Burns; "you must curb your enthusiasm, or I will bottle you up in the third house."

"And you have seen elephants outside of a circus?" said Dr. Perry, the champion disturber.

"I have."

"And Havana cigars that sold for five cents a-piece, with a schooner of beer thrown in?" said Killeen, of the *News*.

"I have."

"And aldermen work for their money?" said O'Donel, of the *World*.

"I have."

"And policemen pay their debts?" said Dr. Hardenbrook, the journalistic gallant.

"And barbers with sweet breaths?" said Myron Fox, the "too-too" of the *Telegram*.

"I have."

"And politicians who kept their promises?" said Gibson of the *Tribune*.

"No!" thundered the old man, and his negative reverberated through the corridors of the City Hall long after he was dragged out by one of Captain Leary's officers. He had drawn the line. FLORRY.

OH, Abbey, Gye and Mapleson!
When operatic stars have gone,
Fret not, nor tear your scanty locks,*
Fear not the ever-empty box;
I know a star whose dulcet tones
Wake audiences in all earth's zones—
Whose notes are high, whose terms are low;
Who ne'er is dull and ne'er is slow;
Who'll never make you curse your fate
By medical certificate;
Who seeks not flowers, the best that grow,
But takes whatever you may throw;
Whose tunes are not the old-world griefs
Of Deutcher maids and Scottish chiefs;
Whose weird, pathetic, self-taught lay
Was heard last night, is heard to-day—
The minstrel of the present tense,
The feline of the back-yard fence.

*MR. ABBEY's locks are still abundant—but wait till he has managed grand opera for a season!

A SCENE IN BUNNELL'S.

GUS DAMPHOOL.—"*Ah, by Jove! I knew I'd make a conquest!*"

A DARKEY'S WINGED VISION.

In Coonville lib'd a darkey,
Clem Jenkins war his name;
From Austin, down in Texas,
Dis foxy coon he came.
His looks war orful pi'us,
His acshins allus good—
An' tink him but a saint, wa'al,
I 'clar, ye nebber could.

He allus up to meetin'
Led on der hymns an' pray'rs,
His mouf an' eyeballs rollin'
Aroun' with sich high airs,
I swow, ye'd tink de Lawd had
App'inted dat yer Clem
To steer for all de niggahs,
An' save dar souls for dem.

He tole us he'd a vishin
Ob angils' wings so bright,
W'en he got frew a-prayin',
Mos' eb'ry uddah night—
In co'se us coons belieb'd him,
We nebber t'ought he'd lie
Ob dat yer bless'd vishin
Up in de Lawd's blue sky.

One Sunday night right arter,
When dar wasn't enny moon,
Our good ole Deakin Hopkins
He cotched dat pi'us coon
A-hookin' f'um his ba'nya'd
Poultry an' uddah tings;
Den we foun' out Clem's vishin
War hens'—not angils'—wings! ADELE.

BREAKUP AS AN ACTOR.

MATILDA BREAKUP is studying for the stage, but as she wishes to surprise her many friends by suddenly dashing out on the the atrical horizon as a dramatic star, she keeps very shady about it. She has had a new play written expressly for her by a New York reporter—the only one in the whole profession who was guilty of writing a play. The play is intensely tragic. The Duke of something or other loves the Countess of somewhere or another, and failing to secure her love, he murders the lady and hands in the checks himself. This is the grand scene of the play, but having no one to rehearse with, Matilda asked her father to read the character of the Duke, and give her the cues. Breakup is not *au fait* at acting. He can perform the act of emptying a schooner in a manner to bring down the house, but as an actor he is not worth a cent. However, he brushed up a bit, and one evening last week —one of those warm nights when fire was uncomfortable, and it was necessary to slightly raise the windows,—Breakup and his daughter Matilda started in, making the front parlor the stage.

Old Mrs. Blifkins, who lives a few doors down the street, started out that particular evening to go to the grocery. Just as she was in front of Breakup's, she heard the old man exclaim, in a hoarse voice :

"Thou hast but three moments more of life. With this keen blade thy heart's blood will be poured out as a libation to the God of Love."

Then she heard Matilda, in a pleading voice, cry out:

"Cruel man; would you let out my young life's blood?"

Without waiting to hear more, Mrs. Blifkins started across the street and imparted the cheerful information to the neighbors that Breakup was about to murder his daughter. In just about the shaking of the narrative of a spring lamb, there was a crowd of persons in front of the Breakup mansion, listening to the tumult within.

"Let go your hold!" was heard in Matilda's voice. "Base slave! remove thy coward hand from my throat!"

And then there came, in Breakup's deepest bass:

"Thy doom is sealed! Prepare for instant death!"

The startled auditors were further rewarded by hearing a shrill scream from Matilda:

"Help! help! What, ho! Is there no friendly arm to interpose?" And there was another yell.

"Some one ought to go for a policeman," exclaimed young Daffytow. "The old man's killing her;" and as another ear-splitting scream resounded from the parlor, he ran to the corner, and rousing officer O'Flatherty from a gentle nap, he informed him that there was a first-class murder being perpetrated at Breakup's. The policeman made a rush for the house, and arrived there just as Johanna, the servant girl, came out of the basement door to see what the rumpus outside was about. He rushed into the basement and up to the floor just as another scream was heard. He threw open the parlor door and stood on the threshold horrified. The ordinarily peaceful Breakup stood in the centre of the room with his left hand coiled around Matilda's tresses, while in the other he flourished a large bread-knife.

"Now, then, to complete my work," yelled Breakup, "this to thy heart!"

Officer O'Flatherty didn't wait to hear more. He made a dash for Breakup, and the next instant the old man was engaged in the astronomical amusement of seeing stars. "Rub-a-dub" went the officer's club on poor Breakup's head. He yelled "murder!" and Matilda joined in the chorus by screaming "murder!" also.

After having been clubbed into a state of almost absolute unconsciousness, Breakup was dragged to the street by the officer, and thence to the station-house, the crowd yelling lustily, "Hang the old villain! Lynch the murderer of his child!"

At the station-house all was explained to the satisfaction of the sergeant, and Breakup went home to bed, and sent for a surgeon. He thinks he will be able to be out again in about two weeks, but he has vowed a solemn vow never to try theatricals again. GIL.

THOUGH jewels glistened on her hands,
Above whose gleams each starlet pales,—
Alas! I could not press those palms
Because she hadn't cut her nails.

THE BOW-LEGGED REVELER.

ELIZUR ELTONHEAD is one of the political dignitaries and convivial highcockalorums of West Hoboken. That is, he's of some consequence when away from the inside of his own roof-tree. Mrs. E. E. [maiden name Melissa] rather flatters herself as being sole dignitary on the Eltonhead hearth-rug.

"You got in *early!*" was the unnecessarily emphatic remark of Madame as she sat bolt upright at two in the morning and gazed contemptuously at her bibulous one, who tugged at a knot in his shoe-lacer.

"Yes'm ; y'shee that 'ere meetin' o' ours broke up (*hic*) kinder sud-hudden like," replied Elizur, getting the string loosened at last and kicking his brogan into a corner of the room opposite to that in which he had already landed the other shoe.

"How came the meeting to break up so suddenly ?" was the next question.

"Why, y'shee, Lisshy dear, everyshing fell through, an' we 'journed, ash the papers say, (*hic*) shiny dye."

"And you came straight home ?"

"Yes'm, straight's legs 'd carry me."

"Poor little man !" said his wife, "What better could I expect from a husband whom nature cruelly adorned with a pair of hemisphere shanks ?"

And with a patrician sniff of the bourbon-laden ambient, sarcastic Mrs. E. turned her *retrousse* nostrils squarely to the north wall. ENRIQUE.

A WOMAN in Philadelphia has had twenty offers since the first of the year. They were from that many sewing machine agents, each of whom offered to sell her the "best sewing machine ever manufactured."

NEW YORK murderers are often put in the tombs before trial, and afterwards escape. It would be more conducive to the morality of the city if they were tried first and put in tombs immediately afterwards.

A CHURCH in a western town has secured the patronage of all the young ladies in the place by introducing single seats which revolve on pivots. Young ladies can examine toilets in any part of the house without dislocating their necks, almost. Thus piety and comfort go hand in hand.

A LETTER written on board a steamship, says: "I hear the notes of a piano, the lowing of a cow, the cackle of hens, indeed all the noises of the barnyard, here in mid-ocean." The writer's head's level. Nothing is more suggestive of the "noises of the barnyard" than the notes of a piano—or of some pianos, at least.

A SKETCH IN SHANTYTOWN.

OWNER OF THE MANSION.—"*Say, Moike, don't lane agin that house ; the first thing you know, you'll have it down.*"

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT F

NT FOR PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

For the past few days we have been suffering from an embarrassment of riches in the amusement line. Not only have nearly all the greatest lights of the operatic stage been concentrated here, but several of the most distinguished actors of the period have favored us with a visitation. Nillson, Patti, Albani, Scalchi, Salvini, Modjeska, Boucicault, Clara Morris, McCullough, Charles Wyndham, and Mary Anderson, form a bewildering constellation, but The Judge, fearing "such an opportunity may not occur again," has availed himself as well as he could of the privileges offered him. Nillson's concerts have drawn immense crowds, and the charming singer has been ably seconded by the young American contralto, Miss Hope Glenn. Speaking of American artists, The Judge takes pleasure in calling attention to the phenomenal success of Miss Giannina Savini, another of our young countrywomen, who has been singing in Milan. This young lady is the daughter of Dr. Sawyer, one of the first physicians on the California coast, and her lovely voice seems to have exercised a magnetic sway over her listeners and fairly aroused the enthusiasm of the Italians, who are never guilty of thoughtless commendation, and are proverbially hard to please.

The opera season came to a brilliant close on Saturday, but the managerial war will be continued until further notice, and Mapleson and Abbey will thereby advertise their respective attractions at a small expense.

The amount of money received from the various places of amusement on Actors'-fund day was a gratifying example of the liberality of the public to a worthy charity; but we think the result would have been more satisfactory had the performances not been simultaneous. Had they occurred on different days, the actors themselves might have bought tickets and witnessed the plays at other theatres than their own, a privilege they would have enjoyed, and one that would have added many dollars to the treasury.

This is the last week of "The Greatest Show on Earth" at the Madison Square Garden, and Burgess has already departed from the Bijou. "Vice Versa" has given place to "The Shaughran," and Salvini and Clara Morris are grandiloquent at Booth's.

Modjeska is at the Fifth Avenue, and The Wyndham Company are at the Union Square. It is not an uncommon thing for us to have an English play adapted to the American stage, but it remained for "the finest troupe of comedians in London" to distinguish themselves by bringing over and thrusting upon us one of our own American plays, (and a very poor one at that), fitted to suit English ideas and customs. "Saratoga" was very bad; "Brighton" is worse. No one disputes the fact that genuine fun is one of the delights of life, and well worth paying for—but to The Judge "Brighton" was a dead loss of time and money expended to see it. It is vapid and silly, full of buffoonery, without a plot and scarcely an impressive situation. "Bob," the hero, is a brainless, heartless creature of society (so called), whose part consists of meaningless caperings around the stage, and whose only striking utterance is "I am engaged." Such a part is entirely beneath the capabilities of a man like Wyndham, and the rest of the company are overwhelmed in the slough of dreary trash with which the play abounds.

Salisbury's Troubadours are at the Standard, but "Green-room Fun" is off the same piece as "Brighton," and originated in the same brain, if brains had anything to do with either piece.

Changes have been made in "A Russian Honeymoon," and it is now running smoothly and doing well.

McCullough is at Niblo's, Mary Anderson at the Grand Opera House, and The Kiralfys may be seen in "Around the World in Eighty Days" at Haverly's.

CORRESPONDENTS.

N. K.—Mr. McGinnis is not up to the mark at all.

Leap Year.—You had better look before you leap—here or anywhere else.

Box 54.—Your paragraphs are not available. Enclose stamps if you desire them returned. If you try again, write on one side of the paper only.

P. H. W., Rochester.—Will return your MSS. on receipt of stamps for return postage. You surely do not wish to have them wandering through space without a cent to meet their current expenses.

Giles.—The mere fact of your venturing to rhyme "serenity" with "community" shows that you possess a faith in the imperturbable serenity of this community which The Judge regrets he cannot share. There are not many things that we are afraid of, Giles; but we dare not publish your poem—we really dare not.

J. P. H.—The story which you versify, but fail to diversify, is old. Probably the reason it seems comparatively new to you is because you may frequent society where ladies and gentlemen meet together. Gentlemen may tell the story to gentlemen, or ladies to ladies, but not to each other—and that is reason enough for The Judge declining to tell it to his readers.

A new paper, published at Springfield, Ark., poses under the stimulating title of the "Yellow Jacket." We have plenty of *Bees* on our exchange list, but a yellow jacket is a novelty in journalism. Sting straight, little insect, and keep clear of the treacle-jar, and, though you are abroad a little early, you may worry along until peach-time.

A subscriber wants to know if we can suggest a remedy for sleeplessness. Certainly—blow out the gas.

SAL, OF HOBOKEN.

[Probably not "one of the finest" parodies ever written on "The Meeting of the Waters," but unquestionably a parody on Moore's poem, by "one of the finest" police in the world.]

Dere is not in der vide vorld a vidow so schweet
As dot Sal, of Hopoken, who grinds sausage meat;
Oh, der last rays of feeling vill fade from my heart
Ere de flavor of Sally's polognas depart.

Yet it vas not dat Nature had shed o'er der scene
A halo of glory as she vorked her machine;
'Tvas *not* der soft magic of streamlet or hill,—
Oh, no!—'tvas der pleasure of eading one's fill!

'Tvas dot, friends—my tear schweitzer and pretzels vos near,
Likewise dose pig's chooners of der goot lager peer;
And I velt how der pest charms such tings do improve
Ven tey're served py der fraulein ve vorship and love.

Scweet Sal, of Hopoken! how calm could I rest
In thy tear putcher-shop, and bull down my vest—
A very broud huspand if coquetting you'd cease,
And marry your Kaspar, who is on der bolice!

Jef. Joslyn.

Och! the Haythens!

"Did yees iver see the loike? Niver a dhrop do they drink, and work day and night. Are they men or bastes, or what are they?

Christine Nilsson,
Etelka Gerster,
Hope Glenn,
Marie Marimon,
Emma Thursby,
Emile Ambre,
Italo Campanani,
Luigi Ravelli,
Theodor Biorksten,
Antonio F. Galassi,
Guiseppe Del Puente,
Adelina Patti,
Clara Louise Kellogg,
Alwina Valleria,
Marie Roze,
Emma Abbott,
Zelda Seguin,
Mme. La Blache,
Signor Brignoli,
Alfred H. Pease,
Maurice Strakosch,
Ole Bull,

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All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

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WHERE are Lady Dixie's foes?
Have they been detected?
Mayhap—horrid thought! who knows?—
Have that dog dissected!—*Syracuse Herald.*

MR. LAWRENCE MACKEY is a little cranky on the subject of collecting ancient coins. Yesterday Uncle Mose, whom Mackey used to own before the war, approached his old master on Austin avenue and said to him: "Am it a fact, boss, dat you pay liberally for rare coins?" Mr. Mackey said that such was his habit. "Well, den, responded Mose, handing over a coin, "gib me a dollar, and you may add dat coin to your collection." "Why, that's not a rare coin—that's only a quarter." "I tell you, ole marster, a quarter ob a dollar am a berry rare coin wid dis pooh old niggah dese times. Loan me a dollar, ole marster." He got it.—*Texas Siftings.*

A FASHION item says: "The lozenge shape is the most fashionable for pills, which should be coated with silver, and made very inviting." This appears to be a new departure in fashion intelligence, and next it will be in order to describe whether the new shape in porous plasters is octagon or oblong, and if they are trimmed with gimp braid or guipure lace; and we may be told that the most fashionable tints in castor oil are terra cotta and fawn color, and that the liver-pads are cut in the form of a heart, with scalloped edges and lined with ceil-blue satin.—*Norristown Herald.*

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A SWEDISH clergyman has lately been lecturing in Chicago about "Life Among the Lapps." As he does not mention particularly in his discourse in whose laps he has been whiling the merry hours away, we can only kick ourselves at the thought that these ministers seem to be having all the fun this spring, and newspaper men the hard work. —*Cheek.*

CLASSICAL: "What are the nine muses, pa?" asked a little boy, who was reading mythological lore in the lower class. "It is when the home 'nine' is beaten in a game of base ball; then the nine muses over it." —*Boston Transcript.*

IN Italy a cabman is only permitted to charge fifteen cents an hour. But then the traveler usually pays him a dollar to cancel the contract after riding ten minutes.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

NO ONE can equal the keeper of a colored boarding house in figuring on the blackboard.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

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These Farms are all in good condition, and are in size from 80 to 960 acres, and worth from $600 to $10,000 each. The Farms will be conveyed by Warranty Deed, and a clear and perfect Title shown from the United States down. They are all ready to occupy, and will be productive homes from the start. As high as 80 BUSHELS OF WHEAT per acre was harvested from some of these Farms last year. All of these lands are just as good, and will produce as much under like circumstances. The tenancies are such that possession can be given at once. How you may obtain one of the Farms. Subscribe for the "PRACTICAL FARMER." Immediately upon receiving the Subscription price—$2.00, a receipt and the current number of the *FARMER* will be mailed to the sender, his name entered upon our subscription list, and the paper continued for one year. As soon as we have 10,000 new Subscribers registered on our books, or in ten days from date, we will award to each of them a premium, aggregating in value $20,000, in such a manner that each subscriber will have a fair and equal opportunity to obtain one of the Farms and Engravings. In the same way the second and following series of 10,000 Subscribers will receive their Premiums until the entire $150,000 worth of property is given away. These Farms and Engravings are intended as premiums to our Subscribers. The distribution of these is entirely gratuitous upon our part, and is intended by us as a means of dividing with our Subscribers the profits of the year. The name and address of those securing the valuable Premiums will be published in the PRACTICAL FARMER. Having made up our mind to secure, at any cost, the largest circulation of any Agricultural Paper in the World, we have resolved to forego all profits and give our Subscribers the Farms and Engravings for the benefit derived from the present and future large circulation. A sample Paper containing description of the Engravings and of the 100 Farms, with a description of the improvements, dimensions of houses, etc., will be sent free.

WHO WILL RECEIVE THE $10,000 FARM?

CLUB RATES. In order that your name and your friends names may be among the first series of 10,000 subscribers to whom the first $20,000 worth of property will be awarded, subscribe at once and get up Clubs in your neighborhood immediately. Go to work at once. Show the paper containg the list of Farms and description of improvements. If you will get 10 subscribers and send $20, we will give the getter-up of the Club a subscription for himself FREE, which will give him equal right with other subscribers to obtain one of the Farms. For 20 subscribers and $40, we will give two extra subscriptions; for 25 subscribers and $50, three extra subscriptions; for 30 subscribers, four extra subscriptions; for 35 subscribers and $70, five extra subscriptions; for 40 subscribers and $80, six extra subscriptions; for 45 subscribers, seven extra subscriptions; and for 50 subscribers and $100, we will give eight extra subscriptions. The extra subscriptions can be sent to any one to whom the getter-up of the Club desires. Each of whom will have an equal opportunity to obtain one of the Farms. By this means you may get the 960 acre Farm. Let every reader of this advertisement send at least one name with his own, and we will get the 75,000 subscribers and will distribute the $150,000 worth of property at once. Remember you may get a Farm worth $3,000 or $10,000, free of every encumbrance.

IMPORTANT!—As a matter of security to our Subscribers, the Deeds and Abstracts of Title to all the Farms have been deposited with the Union Trust Company of Philadelphia, Pa.

Address PRACTICAL FARMER, Philadelphia, Pa.

5000 MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN Wanted to secure Subscribers to the PRACTICAL FARMER. Sample copy free. You may get yourself, neighbor, or parents, a fine Farm.

CATARRH

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

The Great American Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.,

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent and never failing.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1.
Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

HALE'S HONEY OF

"Nothing without Labor."

HOREHOUND & TAR

FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Difficult Breathing,
AND
All Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, Leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest trees ABIES BALSAMEA, or Balm of Gilead.

Those who have used it say that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid. It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach, and has an extremely agreeable flavor.

Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough.

Prices, 50 cts. and $1 per bottle; largest, cheapest.

Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, &c.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1880.

I suffered greatly from hoarseness caused by preaching every night. I was advised to try HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, and can most cheerfully recommend the same as being a most excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c.
Yours respectfully, &c., DAVID W. COUCH,
Pastor Eggleston Square Church, Boston, Mass.
In Bronchial Affection it is also specially useful.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, 50 Cents.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

The most effective external REMEDY extant for the cure of SKIN DISEASES, and for BEAUTIFYING the COMPLEXION.

Beware of Imitations.

Sold by Druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, New York.

A Positive Cure is ELY'S CREAM BALM, FOR CATARRH

TWO CURES.

As one having used Ely's Cream Balm, I would say it is worth it its weight in gold as a cure for Catarrh. One bottle cured me.
S. A. LOVELL, Franklin, Pa.

Ely's Cream Balm cured me of Catarrh of many years' standing, restored my sense of smell. For colds in the head it works like magic. E. H. SHERWOOD, National State Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.

Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

$95.00 FOR ONLY $49.75 Freight Prepaid.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS ONLY $49.75

Latest Style, No. 1526. Dimensions—Height, 74 ins., Depth, 26 ins., Length, 50 ins., Weight, boxed, about 450 lbs.

Regular Price $95.00 Without Stool, Book and Music,

24 STOPS.—1. Cello, 8 ft. tone; 2. Melodia, 8 ft. tone; 3. Clarabella, 8 ft. tone; 4. Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. tone; 5. Bourdon, 16 ft. tone; 6. Saxaphone, 8 ft. tone; 7. Viol di Gambs, 8 ft. tone; 8. Diapason, 8 ft. tone; 9. Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone; 10. Grand Expressione, 8 ft. tone; 11. French Horn, 8 ft. tone; 12. Harp Æolian; 13. Vox Humana; 14. Echo, 8 ft. tone; 15. Dulciana, 8 ft. tone; 16. Clarionet, 8 ft. tone; 17. Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone; 18. Violina, 4 ft. tone; 19. Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. tone; 20. Piccolo, 4 ft. tone; 21. Coupler Harmonique; 22. Orchestral Forte; 23. Grand Organ Knee Stop; 24. Right Organ Knee Stop.

☞ This Organ is a triumph of the organ-builder's art. IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL IN APPEARANCE, BEING EXACTLY LIKE CUT. The Case is solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand-carving and expensive fancy veneers. The Pipe-Top is of the most beautiful design extant. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

FIVE SETS REEDS.—Five Octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the Sweet VOIX CELESTE STOP, the famous French Horn Solo Combination, New Grand Organ Right and Left Knee Stops, to control the entire motion by the Knee, if necessary. Five (5) Sets of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: a set of powerful Sub-Bass Reeds; set of 3 Octaves of VOIX CELESTE; one set of FRENCH HORN REEDS, and 2 1-2 Octaves each of regular GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS. Besides all this, it is fitted up with an OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the instrument. Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, also Sounding Boards, &c. It has a Sliding Lid and conveniently arranged Handles for moving. The Bellows, which are of the upright pattern, are made from the best quality of rubber cloth, are of great power, and are fitted up with steel springs and the best quality of pedal straps. The Pedals, instead of being covered with carpet, are polished metal of neat design, and never get out of repair or worn.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER TO READERS OF THE JUDGE.

If you will remit me **$49.75** and the annexed Coupon within **10 days** from date hereof, I will box and ship you this Organ, with Organ Bench, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for **$95.** You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days. One year's test trial given and a full warranted for six years. **GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL**

May 3d 1883. Daniel F. Beatty

COUPON On receipt of this Coupon from any readers of **THE JUDGE,** **$45.25**

and **$49.75** in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Check on your Bank, if forwarded **within 10 days** from date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this Coupon for **$45.25** as part payment on my celebrated **24 Stop $95 Parlor Organ,** with Bench, Book, etc., providing the cash balance of **$49.75** accompanies this Coupon, and I will send you a receipted bill in full for **$95,** and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you, (provided you order immediately, within the 10 days) I agree to **prepay freight** on the above Organ to your nearest railroad freight station any point east of the Mississippi River, or that far on any going west of it. This is a **rare opportunity** to place an instrument, as it were, **at your very door,** all freight prepaid, at **manufacturer's wholesale prices. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence.**

HOW TO ORDER. Enclosed find **$49.75** for Organ. I have read your statement in this advertisement and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forwarded it, at six per cent., according to your offer. ☞ **Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad.** ☞ Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price. *Providing order is given immediately.*

Address or call upon the Manufacturer } DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

WITH

FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

HUNGARIAN

GOVERNMENT BOND,

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings, THREE TIMES ANNUALLY. Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond MUST draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.

The larger Prizes drawn at these drawings are

1	PREMIUM of	150,000	Florins.
1	"	120,000	"
1	"	100,000	"
1	"	15,000	"
1	"	12,000	"
1	"	10,000	"
3	Premiums of	5000 florins,	15,000 Florins.
12	"	1000 "	12,000 "
54	"	500 "	27,000 "

And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than **140 Florins.**

The next drawing takes place on the

16th of April, 1883,

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 16th of April is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. ☞ Out-of-town orders, sent in REGISTERED Letters, and enclosing $5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

No. 150 Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE. ☞ The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

GEO. B. CLUETT, BRO. & CO.

LATEST

Crown Collar.

Height in front, 2 1-8 inches.
Height in back, 1 3-4 inches.

Sold by Leading Dealers.

"And what, in the name of goodness, is this?" asked Mrs. David Davis, as the senator lugged something into the room and dropped it at her feet. "This is my shirt, darling, and I will be obliged if you will sew on a button for me." "David Davis," said the lady, sternly, "when you bring me your shirt I will sew on a button for you, with pleasure, as becomes a fond and dutiful wife; but just now, sir, I must insist upon your removing this circus-canvas from my apartment."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

BARNUM is accused of killing one of his elephants for the sake of the free advertising it gave him. Mr. Bergh does right to denounce such cruelty. Some circus proprietors might secure just as much free advertising, and afford a great deal more satisfaction to their audiences by killing one of their clowns.—*Norristown Herald.*

"YOU mean to tell me," she said pleadingly, "that you wouldn't give a fifty-dollar bill for this beautiful duck of a bonnet?"

"I do just that, decidedly," he replied.

"Why so, Archibald?"

"Because the fifty-dollar bill is the biggest."—*Cheek.*

THE man who never saw a railroad train died again recently in Wakefield, N. H., aged 100 years. Ignorance of railway traveling appears to be conducive to long life.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.

SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.

MUSICAL NOVELTIES.

Music Boxes from $1.00 Up.

ORGUINETTES, CABINETTOS, TOURNAPHONES, MUSICAL CABINETS, AUTOMATIC PIANOS, PIPE AND REED ORGANS.

SMALL INSTRUMENTS, $8 TO $30. LARGE INSTRUMENTS, $60 TO $2.50.

831 BROADWAY,

Between 12th and 13th Streets.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE COMPANY.

STOP HERE! **TWO PICTURES** of MALE and FEMALE BEAUTIES, only 15c. Four for 25c. With Model Love letter and Catalogue. W. FOX, Fultonville, N. Y. (name paper.)

MUSIC 84-page illustrated catalogue, with words and music of 26 popular Songs, and handsome decorated plaque, all for 12c. 100 choice songs, words, music, and accompaniments; or, 100 popular Pieces for Piano or Organ, all **full sheet music size,** 50c. Diamond School for Violin, 558 pieces, 50c. Comic, English, Ethiopian, Home, Irish, Old, Opera, Popular, Scotch and Sentimental songs, words and music, 100 of each, 50c., or 400 for $1.00. 50 contras, jigs, reels, breakdowns, &c., for piano or organ, 50c. **FREE**

F. TRIFET, 27 School Street, Boston, Mass.

A STARTLING DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

HAVE YOU HEARD OF

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Which is declared by Editors, Housekeepers, Scientific Men, Physicians, and by Army and Navy Officers, to be one of the

MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES

Have you heard how representatives of the best class of newspapers, having visited the Factory, were amazed at the enormous amount of Soap manufactured, the entire absence of any unpleasant odor, and the absolute cleanliness and purity of the ingredients;

Have you heard how it excels FOR ALL USES the Celebrated Soaps of Europe and America

Started in a small way and backed only by its remarkable and amazing qualities, it has achieved marvelous success, and now boasts a Factory fitted up with the most approved machinery, and an office on the most prominent street of the city of its nativity, while an extensive demand from all parts of the United States and Canada, and letters continually being received from Europe, Africa, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, and South America, show that its fame is spreading to every portion of the Civilized World —a phenomenal success only possible to an article worthy to rank with the inventions of Morse, of Howe, and of Edison.

A Fair, Honest Trial makes it indispensable to every Man, Woman and Child who uses Soap

JUDGE TOURGEE in "OUR CONTINENT"

Has fallen in line, and that well-known and ably-edited periodical says:

That the publisher and his family having tested The Frank Siddalls Soap, are prepared to acknowledge its superiority over all other Soaps

Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors

Forney's Progress

(The world-renowned American society paper:—a piquant record of fashion and of fashion's doings, both in our own country and in Europe,)

Enrolls itself among the warmest of the friends of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which has Mrs. Forney's earnest recommendations as being indispensable for both Toilet and Household use.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving

THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS

(The great family non-sectarian religious weekly, circulating in every State and Territory, and accepted as an authority by thinking men and women throughout the U. S.)

Gives editorial endorsement in the strongest language of every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes

THE N.Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER

(Undoubtedly the most influential Catholic Journal in America, edited by James A. McMaster, Esq., a man whose pen is ever found ready to extol or condemn as his strict sense of truth and justice dictates)—

Has given The Frank Siddalls Soap emphatic endorsement in the editorial column of his paper, insisting that his readers shall study their own interests by availing themselves of its valuable qualities for Toilet as well as for Laundry use.

Do not omit to read our

Special Premium to the Wives of Grocers

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the **Boarding-House Mistress** and her **Lady Boarders,** to the **Farmer's Wife** and her **Daughters,** for the **Toilet** and **Bath** of **Every Lady of Refinement,** The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that **it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water is scarce, or has to be carried far, remember that with The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. from the forks and dishes. **When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

—FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, *leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.*

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Actor, the Bather at the **Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army,** and the **Navy,** will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. **No Stable is complete without it.** For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car-windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, **and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar Soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For Washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and positively contains nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin: *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed*

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS.

A most magnificent Premium can be had by the Wife of every Grocer in the United States.

The Premium is a very handsome velvet-lined case, containing 6 beautiful heavy Silver-plated Knives and 6 Forks manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed to be the finest quality made.

THE PREMIUM WILL BE GIVEN TO THE *WIFE OF A GROCER* EVEN IF HER HUSBAND *DOES NOT SELL THE SOAP.*
IT WILL BE SENT *AFTER* SHE HAS MADE A *THOROUGH TRIAL* OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,
AND ENOUGH SOAP TO MAKE THE TRIAL WILL BE SENT *FREE OF CHARGE.*

The Wife of a Grocer who desires to get this valuable premium *MUST* try a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap on the whole of the regular family wash *strictly by the very easy directions*, and then send word by mail to the office in Philadelphia, together with business card or printed advertisement of some kind, to show that her husband is a grocer:—or send a bill for groceries bought of some wholesale grocer.

IF YOU SELL THE SOAP YOU CAN GET A CAKE OUT OF THE STORE TO TRY.
IF NOT, A CAKE WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, *FREE OF CHARGE*, IF THE 2 PROMISES ARE MADE.
(*The Premium is NOT sent until AFTER a thorough trial of the Soap has been made.*)

The offer is NOT a humbug:—letters get prompt attention. If you dont get any reply to your letter asking about the present, it will be because you have not sent word that you have tried the Soap, or because you have not sent proof that you are the wife of a grocer.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., Francis H. Leggett & Co., Austin, Nichols & Co., and many others.—Sold by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer in Philadelphia.—Sold in Chicago by W. M. Hoyt & Co., Harmon, Merriam & Co., Rockwood Bros., and many others.—Sold in Boston by Briggs & Shattuck, Martin L. Hall & Co., Howard W. Spurr & Co., and many others.—Sold in Pittsburg, Harrisburg, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, New Orleans, Providence, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Washington, Ithaca, Utica, Troy, Albany, Hartford, New Haven, Rochester, Trenton, Newark, Wilmington, Louisville, St. Paul, Omaha, Victoria (B. C.), Halifax, Montreal, Burlington, Wheeling, Columbus, Erie, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Portland, Syracuse, Dayton, Peoria, Jersey City, Haverhill, Rome, Binghampton, Paterson, Minneapolis, Bridgeport, Quincy, Terre Haute, Davenport, Cedar Rapids, Kalamazoo, Atchison, Jacksonville.—Sold in every State and Territory and in nearly every town and village in the United States.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid,* it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even the Imported Castile Soap causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth

No tooth powder or tooth wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth brush.

This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other soap (not even Castile) must be used.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—it keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will, of course, last much longer.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils when washed with the Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in Money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the Advertisement in "**The Judge.**" Only send for One Cake, and make the following Two Promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* and it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents, *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

Only one cake must be sent for, but after trying it, the stores will then buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made.

Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

No Intelligent Woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

"THE JUDGE" authorizes the statement that a thorough test of The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet and General Household Uses *in the houses of gentlemen connected with its staff* proves it to be everything claimed.

The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails when it falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

Dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next Wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

You must NOT send for more than one cake, *if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age, who has common sense, will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler *Must Not* be used, *not even to heat the wash-water,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, The Frank Siddalls Soap will prove a great saving.

A Wash-boiler will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper,* and this injures some of the delicate ingredients in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

☞ *Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.*

Be sure to make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, *but will be as sweet as if never worn,* and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron much easier. *Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: it will make the ironing easier, and the pieces look handsomer.*

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; *dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.*

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

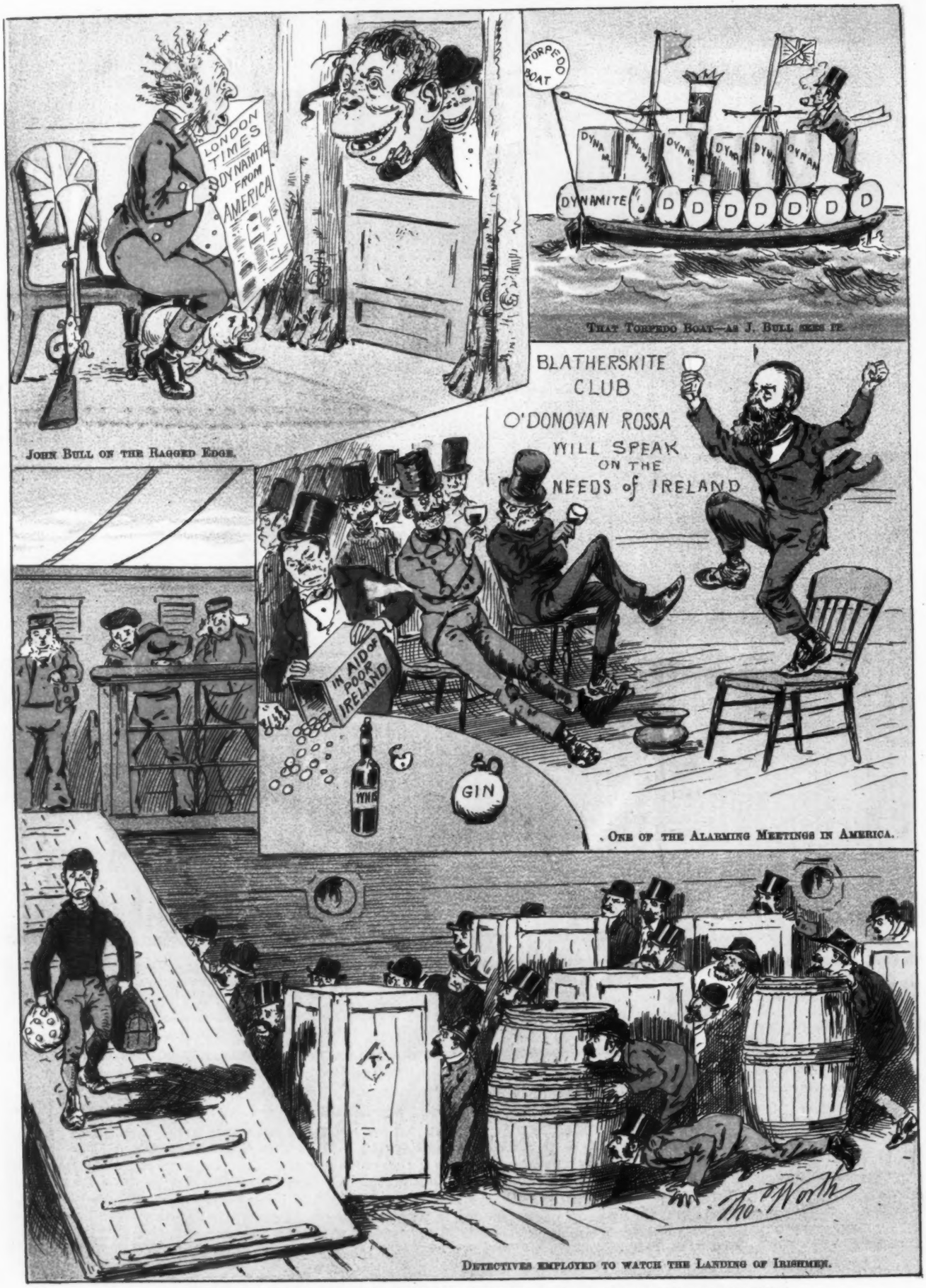
NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the White Pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



JOHN BULL ON THE RAGGED EDGE.

THAT TORPEDO BOAT—AS J. BULL SEES IT.

ONE OF THE ALARMING MEETINGS IN AMERICA.

DETECTIVES EMPLOYED TO WATCH THE LANDING OF IRISHMEN.

JOHNNY BULL'S ANXIETY OVER AMERICAN DYNAMITE.